THE MARYVILLE STUDENT.

SEMPER SURSUM.

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Deserted.

By Amelia B. Edwards.

The river flow'd past with the light on its breast,
And the weeds went eddying by,
And the round, red sun sank down in the west
When my love's loving lips to my lips were prest
Under the evening sky.
Now, weeping, alone by the river I stray,
For my love has left me this many a day,
Left me to droop and die!

As the river flow'd then, the river flows still,
In rippling foam and spray,
On by the church, and round by the hill,
And under the sluice of the old burnt mill,
And out to the fading day.
But I love it no more, for delight grows cold
When the song is sung, and the tale is told,
And the heart is given away.

Oh, river, run far! Oh, river, run fast!
Oh, weeds, flow out to the sea!
For the sun has gone down on my beautiful past,
And hopes that like bread on the waters I cast,
Have drifted away like thee!
So the dream it is fled, and the day it is done,
And my lips still murmur the name of one
Who will never come back to me.

No Crown without a Struggle.*

Among the most illustrious solemnities which have been transmitted to us from ancient times were the Olympic games. Historians, both sacred and profane, orators and poets abound with references to them, and their sublimest imagery is borrowed from those renowned exercises. These games in the most general sense included intellectual as well as bodily exercises pursued with earnestness and zeal, but most commonly those very frequent and violent exercises which were so much practiced in Greece at that day. The prize which the victor received was a wreath of myrtle; but 'twas not simply this wreath, which withered ere 'twas worn, for which the young Grecian was willing to undergo the rigid system of physical training—to deprive himself for so long a time of the luxuries of life, in order that he might compete successfully for the prize: 'twas that the voice of fame should proclaim his name as that of victor. We find that the most formidable and opulent sovereigns of those times were competitors for the Olympic crown. Even the lords of imperial Rome and emperors of the world entered their names among the candidates, and contended for the envied palm, judging their felicity complete, and the career of all human glory and greatness happily terminated, if they could but interweave the Olympic garland with the laurels they had purchased in the fields of war. But wealth, power and influence were of no benefit to any one who entered the contest; personal merit alone might secure the reward. The prince, in purple, who had under his command myriads of soldiers, whose sway extended over many and affluent

nations, whose galleys were numbered by scores, could no more expect to win the chaplet of myrtle without a struggle, without bringing into action and exerting every muscle to its utmost, than the humble youth who guarded his father's herds: both must undergo the same self-denial, both the same strenuous, unmitigated exertions.

This love of fame manifested by the Grecians was not peculiar to them alone: in every nation men were found who were willing to undergo the severest hardships in order that their names might be inscribed on the scroll of fame; nor was it peculiar to their age: in every epoch of the world's history, men have not been wanting who were willing to devote time and talent, to sacrifice their own and the happiness of others that they might secure for themselves a name that would live and be called great after they had "shuffled off this mortal coil."

The voice of fame has ever been sweet to mortal ears; so sweet—

"That many thought to live without her song
Was rather death than life: to live unknown,
Unnoticed, unrenowned! to die unpraised!
Unepitaphed! to go down to the pit,
And moulder into dust among vile worms!
And leave no whispering of a name on earth!
Such thought was cold about the heart, and chilled
The blood. Who could endure it? who could choose,
Without a struggle to be swept away
From all remembrance? and have part no more
With living men?"

"Hence it became
The aim of most, and main pursuit, to win
A name—to leave some vestige as they passed,
That following ages might discern they once
Had been on earth and acted something there."

"Many the ways they took, the plans they tried."

Few, ah! comparatively very few, have

"By virtue earned the true renown
Begun on earth and lasting to the skies,
Worthy the lofty wish of seraphim,
The approbation of the eye that sees
The end from the beginning: sees from cause
To most remote effect."

We read of it in the book that tells of glorious acts by saints and angels done; the record of the holy, just and good. In reviewing the lives of such, we are taught this one persuasive lesson, which speaks alike to men of every calling and pursuit—not to live for ourselves alone. Withdrawing from the strifes of the world, from the allurements of office, and the rage for gain, they consecrated themselves to the pursuit of excellence, and each, in his own vocation to beneficent labor. They were all philanthropists, for their labors promoted the welfare and happiness of mankind. In the contemplation of their generous, unselfish lives, we feel the insignificance of office and wealth which men so hotly pursue. What is office? What is wealth? They are the representatives of what is present and fleeting only, and are nothing in comparison with the fame which is the reflection of important labors in great causes. They who live only for wealth and the things of this world, follow shadows, neglecting the great realities which are eternal on earth and in heaven. After the perturbations of life, all its accumulated possessions must be resigned, except those alone which have been devoted to God and mankind. What we do for ourselves perishes

with this mortal dust: what we do for others lives in the grateful hearts of all who know of or feel the benefaction. Worms may destroy the body, but they cannot destroy such a fame. It is fondly cherished on earth and never forgotten in heaven.

The selfish struggles of the crowd, the clamors of a false patriotism, the suggestions of a sordid ambition cannot obscure that great commanding duty which enjoins perpetual labor, without distinction of country, of color, or of races, for the welfare of the whole human family. In this mighty Christian cause, Knowledge, Jurisprudence, Art, Philanthropy, are blessed ministers. More puissant than the sword, they shall lead mankind from the bondage of error into that service which is perfect freedom. Our departed brothers join us in summoning you to this gladsome obedience. We stand on the threshold of a new age, which is preparing to recognize new influences. The ancient divinities of violence and wrong are retreating to their kindred darkness. The age of chivalry has gone. An age of humanity has come.

Friends, schoolmates, companions: like the young Grecians you are now in the gymnasium, preparing to enter on the game of life; and as you look over the historic page, and see there the names of those who will be spoken of through the annals of time, as being great, noble and good, your hearts throb with desire that *your* names may be written high in the proud citadel of fame; but think not to attain to this result without a struggle.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;"

and they also remind us that it is very difficult

"To climb the hill,
Where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

Like the aspirant in the Olympic games, you must "lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race that is set before you."

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* This article, intended for an oration, was written by Mr. W. S. Cole, during the Spring of '74. A short time before Commencement he was taken ill and compelled to return home. Consumption made rapid strides in his system and carried him away early in this year. It is but justice to state that this oration was incomplete at the time of his death.

Ambition.

By Alumna.

My thoughts had been dwelling upon the ice palace which a queen of Russia caused to be erected in time of great want, thereby to give employment to thousands of her subjects. Thence my mind led me wandering in space till the hum of many voices attracted my attention. I followed the sound till there burst upon my view a structure, far excelling in extent and beauty the royal ice of St. Petersburg, or the crystal palace at London. Story upon story it rose in grandure, and the eye wearied with its upward gaze ere it reached the glittering spires

There was no need of windows, for its walls were transparent ice. Within it were assembled all people and nations. Different nationalities had their several divisions, and spoke among themselves their 3564 languages; but I noticed that there were many foreigners in each department, and that the Jewish nation was represented in almost every division. The myriad apartments were built upon the exterior, and opened upon an icy street. This, like the stairway of the tower of Babel, uniformly pictured by imagination, wound itself around the structure, as the serpent around the pole. What the inner space, thus encircled, might contain, I could not learn; for like the court of an oriental abode, it was completely barred from view. Among the speculative are those who advocate the theory that liquid fire boils within, as in a caldron: some there locate the seat of the kingdom of darkness: I offer no hypothesis, but join with others who venture not even a surmise. Thus all that was done, I could see, for nothing was done in secret in a corner. Furthermore the gift was given me, to see the motives to action which prompted this vast multitude, even though no word might be spoken.

When the first burst of astonishment was over, and I could devote attention to individuals of the mass, my especial attention was arrested by a babe in its mother's arms. "Out from the shore of the great unknown" it had come to this humble home, and by eye and hand had begun to learn the primary art of perception. Its infant prattle bore this translation: "Why can't I grasp that golden sun-beam, glancing upon the wall? I *will* have it!" And with that it made a plunge in the direction of the ray of light, and was saved from an ignominious fall only by the watchful "arms which would not let it go." It was vexed with disappointment; and leaving it I passed onward.

Soon I paused before a more pretentious dwelling, and "Here," thought I, "is no need of ambition, no call for discontent, no source of disappointment." But while I looked at the group of children at play upon the floor, angry words arose. Each party claimed the honor of winning the game, and none in honor preferred another. The sport was spoiled, and I lingered no longer.—I moved onward and upward, till I stood before a building devoted to science. Its foundation was "home-instruction," and its corner stone the "common-school." Superior advantages clustered around it, and many gathered to improve them. The hour was that of devotion, and while the voice of the leader proclaimed; "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not," I saw one and another surreptitiously glancing within an open text-book, and I mentally exclaimed; "O Ambition, dost thou dare to usurp the throne of the Highest, and claim the devotion due His name?" Grieved in spirit, I took up my journey, till I heard quick foot-

steps behind me. Turning around, I cried out; "Hold, young man! Whose house is on fire?"—for his pace was truly alarming. Barely was there time to catch his hasty words: "I go to the golden West to reap my fortune." Years pas-s ed, and I was still a traveler on the crystal high-way. I began the ascent young, but now was old, yet ambition led me on to climb one of the highest turrets of this vast edifice. While yet a great way off from my goal, I met a funeral procession. On and on they came, till I had counted twenty thousand. "For whom this pageant?" I inquired, and one answered: "For the Money King of modern times, he whom thou sawest running toward the 'Golden Gate.' He verily did run well, till suddenly, with $5,000,000 at his command, he thought to drown his sorrows with himself." Heaving a deep sigh, I once more plodded toward the desired turret. Imagine my surprise at finding myself upon the dome of our national Capitol! It was the same which you may see any day at Washington, save that its material was transparent ice. Downward I gazed upon the assembled rulers of a nation. From heart to heart I glanced, wondering whether any could be found who were not waiting to be invited higher, and I found none. Looking across to a turret, which was really part of the one I stood upon, and which is called "The White House," my eyes alighted upon the Chief Magistrate. Moodily he was seeking comfort from the weed, while silently —for he is not given to many words,— he repeated the favorite poem of an honored predecessor: "O! why scould the spirit of mortal be proud?"

From this altitude I could view many other peaks and pinnacles, such as the ones Alexander the Great, and kings and queens have climbed: but AMERICA is the land of my adoption, and what I had already seen, had blunted desire for more or foreign sights.

It would seem from statistics that sectarian schools have, instead of being the last and poorest in the land, proved the foremost and most successful. Those founded by pious men, endowed by prayers and supported in their infancy by faith, have eventually become leading colleges, such as Yale, Princeton, Harvard and Oberlin. On the contrary it is strange to notice how few there are successful which are not maintained by or under the guidance of some denomination.

Our college has been favored with a visit from the venerable journalist Dr. J.G. Monfort. For many years the leading editor of the Cincinnati *Presbyter*, he, on the consolidation of the *Christian Herald* and *Presbyter* became one of the editors of the *Herald and Presbyter*. On returning to Cincinnati, he, through the columns of of his paper, gave a history of our college, and promised to say more at another time.

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Our Exchanges.

The people of Maryville may well be proud not only of its educational facilities in the shape of institutions of learning, but also of those most important text-books, its newspapers. Since the advent of *The Independent* there have been two papers published here. *The Republican* in its recent change from a weekly to a semi-weekly added much to its worth. Prof. Sharp edits the educational department. *The Independent*, although independent in all things, is neutral in nothing. It has many able contributors and is one of East Tennessee's best papers.

The Athens *Weekly News* is another enterprising weekly. Our friend T. T. McWhirter is a 'live' young journalist, and has within two years given to East Tennessee two weekly newspapers.

The *Oberlin Review* is a neatly gotten up paper, and comes to us well edited and full of interesting reading matter. It has a courteous, manly tone, and does not indulge in abusing and sneering at other college papers, which some, especially those of little note, seem to consider it their duty to do.

Besides those mentioned above, the following papers lie our table: *Herald and Presbyter*, *University Monthly*, *Enterprise*, *Social Visitor*, *New England Ledger*, *Typo's Guide* and *Newspaper Reporter and Printers' Gazette.*

The students at Princeton, as at many other colleges are required on admission to sign a solemn promise not to connect themselves with any college secret society. This rule, although acknowledged just, has been persistently disregarded, and in old Princeton — that bright star in the galaxy of colleges — there have for a long time existed organizations, which were not merely 'secret' in being open to none save members, but also in that their very existence was unknown to the teachers. But recently it was ascertained that such bodies did exist, and the faculty took prompt measures to put a stop to that willful violation of the rules; and to do this they deemed it necessary to expel the offenders. Forty, the greater number of whom were upper

classmen, having refused to leave the societies, *were* expelled. To those who wish to know about the customs and character of those organizations, we would recommend "College Secret Societies," published by Ezra A. Cook & Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Athenian Debate and Paper.

The Athenian Society will have a public debate Friday evening, December 17th. *The Athenian* will also be read by the editor, Mr. W. E. McCampbell. All are cordially invited to attend.

The debate in Prof Crawford's Rhetorical Class occurred on the 19th of this month. The question was as before stated: "Is declaiming beneficial?" The debaters were:

Affirmative.	Negative.
J. T. Reagan,	J. W. Rankin,
N. L. Hastings.	I. H. Anderson.

Prof. Crawford is to be thanked for introducing such an exercise, for it proved both entertaining and instructive.

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PERSONALS.

Frazier has recovered.

Marcus L. Booher is at Princeton.

We are sorry to state that J. M. Taylor has been compelled, on account of ill-health, to leave the Seminary. He hopes to be able to return to his classes at Christmas.

'73.

J. E. Alexander is in Lane Theological Seminary. He will graduate this year.

T. T. Alexander will finish his three year's course at Union next collegiate year.

F. M. Allen is at Alleghany Seminary. He also leaves school this year.

B. H. Lee is in the ministry near Hillsboro', Ohio.

M. A. Mathes is at Lane, and will get through this year.

W. F. Rogers is also at Lane. This is his finishing year.

J. Inman is preaching at Lewisville, Henry Co., Indiana.

LOCALS.

Why can't our musically inclined students learn some college songs?

The class in French under Prof. Collins is in a flourishing condition.

The young ladies have decided on a name for their society. It is called the Bainonian Society. At the last monthly meeting Miss Belle Porter was elected President and Miss Maggie Henry Vice President.

According to appointment our President delivered a temperance lecture to a crowded house on the night of the 21st. The lecture was very interesting, and admonitions to lead a life of temperance were made doubly impressive by the magic lantern views of a drunkard's stomach in the different stages of his life.

While the 'Animi Cultuses' were debating a few weeks since, they were suddenly horrified at seeing the door turn on its hinges, and a long file of ghostly apparitions glide in and take seats in a retired corner of the hall. Pen and ink can not describe the terror depicted on the boys' countenances. Business was, however, continued, but with great fear and trembling. After remaining an hour the spirits filed their way out across to the Athenian Hall. Here was created by their entrance just as much excitement. The effect produced on the atmosphere was, to say the least, startling. The fire went out, the lamps on the side of the hall where the ghosts were burned lower and lower, and at last went out entirely. You can imagine the relief the valiant Athenians felt when again the door opened and the apparitions glided away. Have the days of spirit rappings and ghost walkings returned? Heaven forbid!

On the evening of the 29th of this month, Madame Parque of Hayti lectured on *The Negro, Past, Present and Future.* She came recommended very highly by the press. The audience was good, and the lecture interesting.

Two of our students who have been trying to raise burnsides, were discovered one morning to be engaged in something very interesting. One of the Juniors thought he would see what they were up to, and found they were trying to see if those burnsides would not *cast shadows* on the wall of Memorial Hall.

The following are the officers of of the Animi Cultus Society, elected Nov. 4th:

President,	W. E. B. Harris.
Vice President,	J. T. Reagan.
Secretary,	G. S. W. McCampbell.
Treasurer,	J. A. Rogers.
Censors,	A. W. Hill.
	L. B. Tedford.
Librarian,	J. B. Porter.
Prosecutor,	R. H. Coulter.

The Animi Cultus Society had a public debate and reading of the *College Monthly* by its editors, G. S. W. McCampbell and J. T. Reagan, on the 9th of this month. The exercises were largely attended, and, although entirely too long, were in the main entertaining. The question for debate was, "Which affords the greater field for Eloquence, the Pulpit or the Bar?" The debaters were as follows:

Affirmative:	Negative:
R. H Coulter,	J. B. Porter,
L. B. Tedford.	A. W. Hill,
W. E. B. Harris.	J. A. Rogers.

The question was decided in favor of the negative.

Thanksgiving day with its wonted fesivities has come and gone, leaving behind many pleasant memories. As has been customary heretofore, recitations were suspended, and all prepared to enjoy themselves, and after the day had gone, the universal verdict was that it had been one of rare enjoyment. The religious services were held in the Friends' church, and were of an pleasing nature, although somewhat long. At two o'clock the students ate their turkey etc. wherever they were invited, and the afternoon was spent in a very enjoyable way in the different parlors on College Hill. At night a Social was held in the college chapel attended by a large number. "Snap", for once did not hold absolute sway, for some of the young ladies arranged a number of charades and tableaux in Miss Clute's room, which were creditably acted. Saturday night was also very pleasantly spent by a goodly number in Mrs. Henry's kitchen "pulling candy." Even some of the Seniors deigned to leave Guizot and Hopkins long enough to help in the pleasant work. Indeed one of them became so much occupied in a retired corner that it was long after the rest had retired that he was heard stumbling out.

CLIPPINGS.

A Chinese College in Nevada is proposed.

A lady has been admitted to the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

The benefactions to colleges and professional schools last year amounted to eleven millions and a quarter.

Tennessee hereafter will pay her female teachers the same wages that the male receive. A step in the right direction.

A bill for compulsory education has been introduced in the Mexican Senate. It is to be hoped that it will be passed.

Minister Schenck has written a letter to the *London Times* exposing the systematic sale of fictitious American University degrees.

A young lady, Miss Evelyn Chapman took the first prize at the recent State Collegiate Oratorical contest at Des Moines.

The sale of Pres. Finney's effects has been progressing finely at Oberlin. His library seems to be the special attraction for the students.

Mount Holyoke seminary has supplied one hundred and fifteen wives for foreign missionaries, the last two graduating classes furnishing eighteen. They usually go abroad first as teachers, and are speedily married by the missionaries.

Judge Elbert Herring, of New York, is said to be the oldest college graduate in America. He belongs to the class of 1795 of Princeton.

The Sophomores at Lafayette who were suspended the first week of the term for hazing, have expressed their intention to be better behaved in the future and have been reinstated by the faculty.

The Harvard class of '75, according to the statement of the Class Secretary, stood thus in respect to religion: Unitarian, 39; Episcopalian, 35; Congregationalists, 23; Baptists, 11; Presbyterian, 6; Liberal, 4; Methodist, 2; Roman Catholic, 2; Universalist, 2; Rationalist, 1; undecided, 23: destined for the ministry, 9, whole number, 195.

The Freshmen of Hamilton college, "just for a joke," hoisted a wagon to the top of the observatory. Two of the class were expelled. The remainder took umbrage at this, remonstrated with the faculty, and were suspended. But the *denouement* was unhappy for the spunky Freshmen. The faculty were sustained in their action by the parents of the boys, and now, after making an humble apology, the class has been reinstated.

HASH.

Mr. William Cullen Bryant was born Nov. 3, 1794.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.—[Sir William Temple.

The perfection of conversation is, not to play a regular sonata, but like the Æolian harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breeze.—[Burke.

Tennyson's voice is exceedingly gruff, and his theory of reading poetry is to deliver it with very great slowness and emphasis, syllable by syllable, as if scanning.

Mr. Frederick Lockyer, of London, wrote the pithy verse;

They eat and drink, and scheme and plod,
And go to church on Sunday:
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

A Scotchman's definition of metaphysics; "When the folks that listen dinna ken the meaning o' what they hear, and when the mon who speaks dinna ken what he means his ain sel'—that's metaphysics.

A celebrated professor, thinking to perplex an unfortunate pupil, one day put him the following question: "Pray, sir, can you tell me how long a man can live without brains?" To which the pupil, looking up in the face of the interrogator, promptly but unexpectedly replied: "How old might you be yourself, Professor?"

Will some one put this into English? With a little care it will be seen that the mode of rendering is not common and may tax ingenuity. It is said to have been written by a Boston doctor to some friends:

"Doctores! Ducum nex mundi nitu Panes; tritucum at ait. Expecto meta fumen, and eta beta pi. Super attente one. Dux, hamor clam pati: sum parates, homine, ices, jam, etc. Sideror hoc. Feso resonam; floas sole."

—*Oliver Optic's Mag.*

"There are two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood waiting for a job on the street corner. "If I save me $400 I must lay up $200 a year for twenty years, or I can put away $20 a year for a hundred years. Which shall I do?

A capital story used to be told of the late David Roberts. An art critic who was his personal friend published a sharp attack upon certain pictures of his just exhibited. "My dear Roberts," wrote the critic in a private letter, "you may have seen my remarks on your pictures. I hope they will make no difference in our friendship. Yours, etc., ——." "My dear ——," wrote the painter in reply, "the next time I meet you I shall pull your nose. I hope it will make no difference in our friendship. Yours etc., D. Roberts.

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